

# OCALA EVENING STAR

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Woodrow Wilson  
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J. Turner Butler.  
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For Congressman Second District  
Frank Clark.  
For Governor  
W. V. Knott.  
For Secretary of State  
H. Clay Crawford.  
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Ernest Amos.  
For State Treasurer  
J. C. Luning.  
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For Justices Supreme Court  
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For Railroad Commissioner  
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For Superintendent Public Schools  
J. H. Brinson.  
For Tax Assessor  
Alfred Ayer.  
For Tax Collector  
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Of all the eastern states, the republicans are certain only of Pennsylvania.

The American consul general at Moscow reports that Russia now holds over a million Austro-German prisoners.

Greeks are leaving the United States on every ship in order to join the party of Venizelos in their native land. The spirit of Marco Bozzaris isn't dead.

Francis P. Coffin, prohibition candidate for Congress, is said to be a Sunday school teacher. He probably thought he was distributing Sunday school leaflets when he was handing out that dirty anonymous circular about Frank Clark.

The grain growers of the West, the cotton growers of the South, and the shippers of supplies to the Allies everywhere, may be tolerably sure that if the Germans institute a blockade of the American coast, the British navy will break it up.

Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy are gathering in Tampa today for the state reunion, and the Star believes they will have a better time in the gulf city than anywhere except Ocala.

The work on the new water and electric plant is well under way, and the operations are interesting to view. The Star would advise the citizens to take an occasional look at the work. It's their property and they should see how it is being improved.

As will be seen elsewhere, Billy Parker, the apostle to Florida of the guardians of liberty, is at work for Geo. W. Allen, the republican nominee. Billy Parker was the predecessor of Catts in his campaign, and Catts often praises him on the platform. They seem to be congenial souls.

There were nearly 500 men in Villa's command when he raised Columbus, N. M., last March. Of these, Pershing's punitive expedition killed or captured 400. They would have taken Villa if Carranza's troops had not interfered, and they would have wiped Carranza's troops off the face of the earth if their own government had allowed them to do so.

The Star deeply regrets to learn of the death at Tallahassee of Mrs. T. J. Appleyard, wife of Mr. T. J. Appleyard, the veteran publisher and secretary of the State Press Association. Mrs. Appleyard had been ill for a long time. The Star joins the other members of the state press in sincere sympathy for Mr. Appleyard and his children in their great bereavement.

We have always had a high opinion of Boston, Mass. It was the cradle of American liberty, and everywhere we have been we have met some broad-minded and energetic people from that city or its vicinity. Boston, like all other places, however, is afflicted with some racial fads, and at least one of them has escaped, or been

driven, from his home town and wandered in this direction. Monday morning we received from him a letter filled with abuse for the people of this city and vicinity. As he hadn't the manhood to sign his name, we take this method of informing him that his letter has been contemptuously referred to the wastebasket.

Since Judge Gober has joined the republican party, most of our people treat him with sad consideration due to a good man gone wrong. Sometimes, tho', some one raps him cruelly. The other day he was abusing the party that he so strenuously defended up to one short year ago, and among other things mentioned that \$15,000,000 worth of raw gold had been brought from the west to Washington (probably to be cooked). Said one of his hearers, "Well, it's lucky the democrats are in charge of the treasury," and the judge subsided.

As Congressman Clark and his guests, the party of army and navy officers from Black Point, were resting in the Ocala House office Sunday at noon, preparatory to going in to dinner, a couple of ladies who were on the other side of the room, and had heard of the visitors, inquired of a newspaper reporter where were the officers. "There they are," he said, indicating the group of gentlemen in civilian garb, who were smoking and talking just like any bunch of business men. "Why, where are their uniforms and swords?" said the lady, who was one of the many who believe the sons of Mars wear their panoply all the time.

Not doubting that Bryan & Co. will attend to the leak in the sewerage tank, nor desiring to give them advice on something they should know more about than we do, we venture to remind them of the very obvious fact that if they put off attending to the matter until a large number of houses are connected with the sewerage system, they will find they have a job that will sicken not only them but all that part of the town in which the tank is located.

While Major Harlee of the Marine Corps was at dinner at the Ocala House dining room Sunday, he spied a bottle of pepper vinegar and at once had it steered his way. He remarked that he was fond of pepper vinegar, but seldom found the real thing. He found it that time for he kept it right by him and often referred to it. It interested the major when the newspaper man sitting by him told him that the said vinegar was a home product, made and put up right here in Marion county.

While Congressman Clark was here Sunday, he took pride in showing his friends his new walking stick. It was a most handsome article of the kind, and made of compressed newspapers. It was as strong and flexible and almost as handsome as ivory. It was made and presented to the congressman by an admirer of his.

At Silver Springs, the "City of Ocala" is on the stocks, being overhauled for her winter cruises. She has always been a dandy little boat, and will be better than ever.

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## BRAVE NEWSPAPER MEN OF BELGIUM

Talk about running a newspaper under difficulties—here is what the journalists of Belgium are doing: The Belgian government authorities in Havre have received information of the continued appearance of patriotic newspapers at Brussels and throughout Belgium, in defiance of the German censorship and despite all the efforts of the German military police. It is one of the mysteries of the German occupation of Belgium how these secret papers can be published, where they engrave their cartoons ridiculing the Germans, and how they set the type and circulate the papers.

There is a price of 50,000 marks on the head of the editor of the Free Belgium, but it keeps on appearing just the same. Several of the supposed editors are said to have been shot. One man was sentenced to twelve years hard labor, others to three and eleven years, and a woman, Madame Scheupens, to five years. But each time that a supposed editor is imprisoned and the German authorities feel the trouble is ended, the paper appears the following day more lusty than ever with a cartoon making fun of the prosecution.

A file in kept in Havre of these secret papers, as a matter of curiosity, Free Belgium, which has given the most trouble, prints the following notices under its title:

"A bulletin of patriotism, submitting to no censorship whatever."

"Price per copy elastic, from zero to infinity."

"Business office: Not being handy to have an established address, we are installed in a movable automobile cellar."

"Advertisements: Business being nil under German domination, we have suppressed our advertising page and counsel our patrons to keep their money till times get better."

"Telegraphic address: Care of German commander at Brussels."

A recent issue of Free Belgium gave a cartoon by Raemaker, adapted from Gustave Dore's Scenes in Hell, showing women and children in agony as they are trampled down by a soldier in a German helmet, the face of the soldier being evidently meant for that of the kaiser. Another cartoon, entitled "Love's Chagrin," shows General von Bissing, the military commander of Brussels, trying to find the editor of Free Belgium in cellars and attics, while the editorial rooms, business offices, etc., are depicted on wheels. A big gun, labelled Free Belgium, smiles down derisively at von Bissing's vain efforts to capture the editors.

La Patrie is another of these secret newspapers. It announces under its title that it is a "non-censored journal, appearing how, where and when it pleases." Another line states that it is in the second year of its publication. The bitterness of this paper is shown in a standing line carried at the head of its editorials, referring to the Germans as "barbarians and liars always." A recent number showed the Germans "en route for Calais" by way of the Yser river, with the bodies of German soldiers slaughtered by the Belgians, floating in the river.

L'Echo, another of the secret journals, announces that it prints "what censored journals dare not and cannot say." A recent number gave the speech of Premier Asquith in the house of commons, declaring there would be no peace until Belgium was free. The editorial was headed: "Teuton Pirates and Vandals."

Other secret newspapers are La Verite and the Fleming Lion. There is also a Weekly Review of the French Press, giving articles which have been prohibited from being published in Belgium. Illustrated books also continue to appear, with handsome engravings and colored maps, giving the Belgian story as against the German.

Even a secret press bureau has been set up at Brussels, which issues typewritten sheets comparing favorably with those from the official press bureaus of Paris and London. The editing is well done, showing that there must be capable men to gather the material and put it in shape. The sheets, mechanically, are even better than those issued at Paris and London, showing there must be a large and first class duplicating process somewhere beyond the power of the Germans to discover.

The Belgian officials themselves do not know how this work is done, and it is simply incomprehensible how all this editing, publishing, printing, circulating, getting the requisite white paper and ink, drawing cartoons, engraving and lithographing, and all the innumerable details of getting out newspapers, weeklies, books and a press service, can be accomplished in secret with the German police straining every nerve and offering prizes on the heads of editors. It takes courage and ingenuity to be an editor in Belgium under these conditions.

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1917?

By  
EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Saturday)

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## Ruin and Pillage.

ON all sides the region of wanton ruin and savage pillage was extending. From his hiding place next day Jim saw a troop of lancers ride to a farmhouse. Some of the men entered and came out, their arms full of loot; others drove the inhabitants before them; others ran off the cattle and sheep and killed the chickens. Then, when everything was taken, they burned house and barns and rode away, leaving the homeless family in a little huddled group on the hillside. All day parties of horsemen galloped past in every direction; all day great columns of smoke billowed up to the sky from behind the hills ahead and on both sides. After dark Jim led his men on.

It was cold that night, and a snow-storm had begun. It made concealment easier for the fugitive soldiers. They passed a little crossroads store which had been looted and then burned, but under the coals there were some boxes of crackers and meal. Women, with children, and old men were picking over the hot ashes and sharing their finds together. They gave supper to the soldiers. Jim asked of the men only direction of the roads, but he heard other things:

"Where's Mabel, Ed?"

"Mabel! Oh, heavens!"

"You mean they got her?"

"But she'll for 'em. She has poison with her. She'll kill herself before."

For the thousandth time Jim read and reread the letter which Mart had left with him when the boy was called away for duty—the letter in which Agnes told that she was learning army nursing and was coming east to service as soon as she could. Had she come east already, and if she had where was she? Might she be among the women captives in those lighted houses, surrounded by the regent's cavalrymen, where the enemy's officers drank and sang and reveled while the American refugees stole silently past in the dark, crouching low over the snow?

A cry—a weak little cry of a child—came to him. Jim did not try to rise; he burrowed under the snow. A woman was lying there. She was frozen. There could be no doubt of that; but, bundled within her arms and wound within a blanket was a baby, who cried weakly once more as Jim lifted the bundle. He got to his feet again and stumbled to a house and entered the kitchen.

There was no one in the kitchen now, but the floor was wet and muddled with the marks of men's boots. These marks alarmed Jim, and, laying the baby on the table as he heard a horrible gasp, a gurgle, but no other sound. The man ran through the neck, fell without his finger contract ing so as to fire his revolver.

"Derrin!" a man's voice was calling, obviously for the man whom Jim had just killed. "Derrin!" The man who called—he wore the same uniform with the chevrons of a sergeant—was coming down the stairs. Jim aimed his revolver pitilessly and shot the sergeant through the head. The man crumpled and rolled down to the door.

## WHAT A PROMINENT MAN HAS TO SAY.

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He had put back the bed covers from his face, so she saw him from a few feet away. Her cry was scarcely more than a whisper. Now she was beside his bed.

"Jim!" she cried again, but her eyes instead of staring upon him glanced

the hall. Jim retreated into a coat closet and waited. No one came. In a locked room above, the door of which he broke down, Jim found four girls overcome by escaping gas. They were attempting to kill themselves. One of the girls was Beatrice Logan, whom he tried to revive. Summoning the five men who had been traveling with him, they returned to the house, where they repulsed an attack of the regent's soldiers, killing five of them. Even as he worked over the half unconscious Beatrice she struggled against him.

"It's—it's you!" she murmured at last. "You—you were?"

"Yes, it's I," Jim assured.

"Then—then where am I?"

Gradually he got the sense to her. "We came and found you, and we have killed them all who were here; we have killed them!"

"Killed them?" she cried. "Killed them! You have killed the soldiers here! Oh, our poor people! Oh, help our poor people!"

Later Jim led his party and the girls to safety.

Jim became a captain and vowed that his part of the battle line would be held tight.

He was going to shoot his men if they faltered. Far, far better to shoot them and fall in the battle line than to abandon more women and children to the invader.

Along with the infantrymen of his company there were men who, when they had had horses, had been cavalrymen. Mart Ware was among them. The company was quite nondescript, but all had been under fire before, so they were stationed at a vital point in the first line trenches above Cayuga lake.

The lake was miles longer than previously, all the valley on the north being flooded. Jim's section of front was just beyond the flood. There were two more trenches behind him—three little lines of ditches, each with a man every yard or so—just those three little lines between invasion, as Jim had seen during these recent days, and security and sanctity for honor, life and possessions. Jim talked to his men frankly before the battle began. Every man was to stand and fight as long as he had strength. If the order came to leave the trenches and advance the company was going to advance or the officers would shoot the men who failed.

During all the forenoon, for five hours following the dawn, that section of trench was shelled. A few of the men went mad that morning, two from head wounds which made them maniacs for the inhuman hour before they died. Then, during a snow flurry in the afternoon, the shrapnel ceased and the assault came—the charge of thousands of yelling, white coated figures—and the American guns could not even make a gap in their line. It was all up to the men in the first line trenches. They were ordered, after they had emptied their rifles uselessly into that charging line of thousands, to jump up in front of the trench and face them with bayonets.

Only Jim Ashby, the captain of a company, kept his word. Wild, frantic as the madmen, he struck at the men who crouched and wouldn't get up; he dropped one, shot another, and the men beyond that one jumped out of his way and fought. Another balked and defied the captain. Jim screamed at him, struck him and shut his eyes as his revolver went off at the blow.

He leaped up in front of the trench; an opposing bayonet entered his body and bore him back, and he tumbled into the trench upon the body of the soldier of his command whom he had just shot.

More bodies piled above him; then the battle was far beyond. Jim Ashby, captain of volunteers, moved his head and, after a struggle, was able to touch with his lips the brow of the boy he had shot. The bullet had gone through his head, and death had been instant.

"Mart!" Captain Ashby whispered.

"Mart!"

Some time after the cold and the snow had stopped the bleeding of Jim's wound and his coat was all stiff with frozen blood men of the regent's ambulance corps bore him to a church at Auburn, where rows of cots replaced the pews and nurses were moving about.

The bayonet, Jim was told, had broken two of his ribs and shattered his collar bone. It had left a great hole through his shoulder, but the steel had missed his lungs.

It was the twelfth day later when, as he lay on his side staring at the door, he saw Agnes approaching slowly, gazing at every cot in her search for—Mart.

"Jim!"

He had put back the bed covers from his face, so she saw him from a few feet away. Her cry was scarcely more than a whisper. Now she was beside his bed.

"Jim!" she cried again, but her eyes instead of staring upon him glanced

(Continued on Next Page)

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